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GEO. M. MATHES, Editor.

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Indian Wives.

HOW THE ABORIGINAL MAIDENS WED WHITE MEN—THE PRICE OF A GOOD WIFE.

St. Louis Globe.

Among the Northwestern tribes of Indians innocence is as marked among the girls as their color. The impression that the red maiden does not entertain a high standard of morality is an error, for she is taught as other girls are, and grows up with well developed ideas of the responsibilities of life and a firm resolution to discharge them. Educated in the faith that she was ordained to work, she trains herself to undergo hard labor, and at sixteen years of age is sturdy and strong, brave against fatigue and a perfect housewife. She may not possess New England notions of cleanliness, but she takes not a little pride in her personal appearance, and in the arrangement of her lodge she displays some crude ideas of taste and a certain amount of neatness. If she marry a white man she makes a good wife as long as she lives with him. His home is her sole comfort and his comfort her ambition. She thinks of him and for him, and makes it her study to please him and make him respect and love her. She recognizes in him one of a superior race, and by her dignity and devotion endears herself to him and struggles to make him happy.

At the agencies of the upper frontier thousands of men are employed, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the majority of them have Indian wives and live happily. They are not sought after by the maidens, for the Indian girl's custom is to remain quiet until the marriage contract is made and the marriage portion paid over. The husband must have the dowry, with which he must invest his projected mother-in-law before the ceremony takes place. The process is a little out of the usual run, and a description may be of interest. The aspiring bridegroom must be well known in the tribe before he can hope to win a wife. Her people want to thoroughly understand him and know if he can support not only her but also her relatives in the event of a pinch. He must be a kind-hearted man, with a temper warranted to keep in any domestic climate, and he must have a good lodge and at least half a dozen horses. If he be, and have all these, he can now go. Selecting the lady, he makes application to her mother and at a council the price is fixed upon. If the girl be especially pretty her mother will demand a gun, two horses and a lot of provision, blankets and cloth. A gun is valued at \$50, a horse at \$20 and he must furnish material to bring the amount up from \$100 to \$150. Then he tries to beat the dame down, and if he succeeds, he knows there is some reason for letting the girl go; if not, he understands that he is making a good choice. The courtship is left entirely to the mother. She communicates the intelligence to the bride-elect, who dutifully sets upon preparing the lodge for the nuptials. Relatives and friends congregate, form a circle, pound a drum and have a feast, at the conclusion of which the man and girl stand up. A blanket is thrown over their heads, and under which they exchange vows of fidelity, after which the mother blesses them, and the ceremony is complete. But it fares badly with a man who plentifully stocks his wedding lodge. His wife will give away everything he gives her, and stores intended to last a month will disappear in an hour. He, if he be called cautious, will give her barely enough to eat until he teaches economy, a lesson which once thoroughly learned she never forgets. For some little time after the wedding the newly-made relatives haunt the happy lodge, demanding that they be feasted and cared for. Woe unto him who accedes in the slightest. A firm refusal, well persevered in, is all that will save him a life of misery.

According to prairie law it is disreputable in a white man to abandon his dusky wife until she has grown too old to work for him. Then he may send her back to her tribe if he so elect. The obligation upon the wife is different. She may not desert the husband for another white man, but she may leave him for an Indian who wants to marry her, provided she have no

children. If the squaw desires to abandon her husband, the Indian of her choice must pay back the price originally paid to her mother. He may abate no jot or tittle, and it is in such payment that the divorce is perfected. She then becomes a single woman, free to marry, but she cannot live in the vicinity inhabited by her former husband. She must move away with her new venture. Such divorces are not unfrequent. It is a difficult thing for the squaw to perfectly adapt herself to her white husband. He may be of the kindest disposition; but his ways are not her ways, and though she struggles with all her strength to draw closer to him and try to make her existence a part of his, she cannot make him one of her kind, and she drifts away from him. The birth of children directs her thoughts into a new channel and lessens the chasm between them, but without them he has but little hope of keeping her to himself. Sooner or later she will find her affinity.

America's Coal Supply.

Proceedings American Association.

Mr. P. W. Sheffer, of Pottsville writes as follows respecting the supply of coal of the United States and the methods of mining it: The coal resources of Great Britain are all developed now and in process of depletion, while in this country, when our four hundred and seventy square miles of anthracite are exhausted, we have more than four hundred times that area, or 206,000 square miles, of bituminous from which to supply ourselves and the rest of mankind with fuel. The coal product of the world is about 300,000,000 tons annually. The North American continent could supply it all for two hundred years. With an annual production of 50,000,000, it would require twelve centuries to exhaust the supply. But with a uniform product of 190,000,000 tons per annum, the end of the bituminous supply would be reached in eight hundred years. What the annual consumption will be when this continent supports a teeming population of 400,000,000 souls, as will be the case some days, must be left to conjecture. But with half that population, as energetic, restless, and inventive as our people in this stimulating climate have always been, under the hopes of success such a country as this constantly holds out to tempt ambition and reward enterprise, it is a very moderate estimate, guided by the actual output already reached in Great Britain, to suppose that there will be ample use for one hundred million tons a year of bituminous coal for home consumption alone.

We have about 340 collieries, and produce 20,000,000 tons per annum, or about 60,000 tons each. Great Britain has nearly 4,000 collieries, and mines 132,000,000 tons, or 33,000 tons per colliery. The greater the yield per colliery the less the expense in mining. If we decrease the number of mines and increase their capacity not only to raise the coal, but to exhaust a constant current of foul air and dangerous gases, clouds of powder, smoke, and millions of gallons of water, we will reduce the cost of mining. Most of the anthracite mining in the United States is now done at a less depth than 500 feet vertical; but as the coal nearer the surface becomes exhausted, the mines must go deeper and become more expensive.

Cure for Diphtheria.

The ravages of diphtheria in Australia have been so extensive within the last few years that the government offered a large reward for any certain method of cure, and among other responses to this was one by Mr. Greathard, who at first kept his method a secret, but afterwards communicated it freely to the public. It is simply the use of sulphuric acid, of which four drops are diluted in three-fourths of a tumbler of water to be administered to a grown person and a smaller dose to children, at intervals not specified. The result is said to be a coagulation of the diphtheritic membrane and its ready removal by coughing. It is asserted that where the case is thus treated, and has not advanced to a nearly fatal termination, the patient recovered in almost every instance.

Turpentine will remove ink from white woodwork.

Teaching Him the Business.

RUBE HOFFENSTEIN'S INGENIOUS DEVICE FOR BOOMING THE CLOTHING TRADE.

From the New Orleans Times.

'Herman,' said a Poydras street merchant clothier, addressing his clerk, 'haf ve sold all ut dose overgoats vat vas left over from last vinter?'

'No, sir; dere vas dree of dem here yet.'

'Vell, ve must sell 'em right away, as de vinter vill not last, you know, Herman. Pring me one ut de goats and I vill show you some dings about de piness. I vill dell you how ve vill sell dem oud, and you must learn de piness, Herman; de vinter vas gone, you know, and ve haf had dose goats in de store more as seyk years.'

An eight dollar overcoat was handed him by his clerk, and smoothing it out, he took a buckskin money purse from the showcase, and stuffing it full of paper, he dropped it into one of the pockets.

'Now, Herman, my poy,' he continued, 'vat he sell dat goat. I haf sold ofer dirty-five ut dem shat de same vay, and I vant to deech you de piness. Ven de next customer comes in de shop, I vill show you de vay Rube Hoffenstein, mine broder in Detroit, sells his clothing and nder dings.'

A few minutes later a negro, in quest of a suitable pair of cheap shoes, entered the store. The proprietor advanced smiling and inquired:

'Vat is it you vish?'

'Yer got any cheap shoes hyar?'

'Blenty ut dem, my frent, blenty; at any brice you vant.'

The negro stated that he wanted a pair of brogans, and soon his pedal extremities were incased in them and a bargain struck. As he was about to leave the proprietor called him back.

'I ain't gwine to tny nuffin else. I's got all I want,' said the negro, sullenly.

'Dot may be so, my dear sir,' replied the proprietor, 'but I shust vant you to look at dis goat. It vas de pure Russian vool, and dis dime last year you doan get dot same goat fur dwenty-five dollars. Mine gracios, cloding vas gone down to noding, and dere vas no money in de piness any longer. You vant somedint dot vill keep you from de vedder, and make you feel varm as summer dime. De gonsumption vos going round and de doctors dell me it vos de vedder. More den nine beoples died round vere I lif las week. Dink ut dot. Mine frent, dat goat vas Russian vool, dick and hety. Vy, Mister Jones, who owns de pank on Canal street, took dot goat home mit him yesterday, and vore it all day; but it vas a leedie tight agross de shouders and he brought it pack shust a vile ago. Dry it on, my dear sir. Ah! dot vas all right. Mister Jones vas a rich man, and he liked dot goat. How deep de pocket vas, but it vas a leedie tight agross de shouders.'

The negro buttoned up the coat, thrust his hands in the pockets and felt the purse. A peaceful smile played over his face, when his touch disclosed to his mind the contents of the pockets, but he choked down his joy and inquired:

'Who did yer say vore this hyar coat?'

'Vy, Mieser Jones vot owns de bank on Canal street.'

'What yer gwine to ax fur it?'

'Dwenty dollars.'

'Dat's pow! fu! high price for dis coat, but I'll take it.'

'Herman, here, wrap up dis goat fur de shentleman and drow in a cravat; it vill make him look nice mit the ladies.'

'Nebbor mind, I'll keep 'de coat on,' replied the negro, and pulling out a roll of money he paid for it and left the store.

While he was around the next corner mourning over the stuff of the goat, Hoffmanstein said to his clerk:

'Herman, fix up anudder von of dose goats de same vay, and doan forget to dell dom dot Mieser Jones vot runs de pank on Canal street, vore it yesterday.'

An Elmira lady who sent an order in response to an advertisement offering twenty-five useful household articles for a three cent stamp, received twenty-five pins. And what more useful article to a lady than a pin?

Fighting Women.

Notes and Queries.

Female soldiers have been more numerous in foreign armies than in the English service. I may mention a few. In the French army, for instance, there were (among others) Louise Housaye de Barnes, who served from 1792 to 1796, and was at Quiberon; Angeline Burlon (nee Duchemin, for she was married), sous-Lieutenant of Infantry, decorated with the Legion of Honor, who was born 1722, and died, I believe, in the Invalides about 1859; Therese Figueur, who served as a dragoon for fourteen years, from 1798 to 1812, and had four horses killed under her; she died in 1861, at the age of eighty-seven, in the Hospice des Fétits Menages at Paris; Nigridia Chenieres, who served during the Peninsular war as a sergeant in the Twenty-seventh regiment, and died in 1873. Louise Scanzatti was a lieutenant of infantry in the Austrian or Sardinian army during the Napoleon wars. Marietta Giuliani and Herminia Manelli fought under Garibaldi in 1866; Herminia was at the battle of Custoza. Augusta Kruger fought in the war of liberation against the French as a subaltern in the Ninth Prussian regiment, and was decorated with the Iron Cross and the Russian order of St. George; she (after leaving the army) married a brother officer in 1816, and in 1869 her grandson received a commission in his grandmother's regiment. Bertha Weiss is said to have fought at Spicheren in 1870, but I am not sure that her case is genuine. The most recent instances that I know of are the following three: A young Russian officer (her name is not given) whom the Times correspondent, on September 29, 1877, reported to have fallen at Kacelyovo, after displaying the most brilliant gallantry in rallying her men against the Turks; Sylvia Mariotti, a private in the Eleventh battalion of Bersaglieri, who served from 1866 to 1878, and who fought at Custoza; and Dolores Rodriguez, corporal (at the age of eighteen) in the First Regiment of Fervian Sappers. She, it appears, fought in the present South American war, and is still in service.

Bismarck.

His name was Bismarck, mit only vone eye, on account of an old black cat, vot pelongs to a servant Irish girl mit red-haired hair. Also he has only dree legs, on account of moelotif engines mitout any bull-ketcher. He vas a dog, Bismarck vas. He vas pald-headed all ofer himself, in gonsequense of red-hot vater, on account of fightin' mit a cat. On vone end of himself vas skinkited his head—and his tail vas py de oder end. He only carries about vone-half of his tail mit him, on account of a circular saw-mill. He looks a great teal more older as he is already, but he ain't quite as oldt as dat until next Christmas.

De vay dot you can know him is, if you calls him 'Shack,' he vout say notings, but he makes answers to de same of 'Bismarck,' by saying 'Pow vov vov! and, in de meantime, vaggin' half of his tail—dot oder half vas cut off, so he cant, of course, shake it. Also, if you trow stones on top of him, he vill run like de trefel, and holler 'Ky yi! ky yi!' Dot's de vay you can told my dog.

He looks like a cross between a bulldog and a cat mit nine tails—but he ain't. He got not oven vone whole tail, and he ain't cross not a bit.

Another vay you could told if it vas my Bismarck is dot he vas almost a dwin. He could be half of a bair of dwins dot time, only dere vas dree of them—a bair of dwins and a half. I pelieve dey calls dot a triplet.

Also he got scars on de top of his side, where he scratched himself mit a Thomas cat—but dot Thomas cat nefer recovered himself.

You can also tell Bismarck on account of his vunderful insinict. He can ot insinict any dog you nefer saw in my life. For instance, if you pat him on top of his head mit mi hand, he knows right away dot you like him, but if you pat him on de head mit pavement shtones or de athtick of a broom, he vill shuspeet right off dot you care not fery much about him.

Rich People.

That we have some very rich people in this country there is no doubt, but where are they, asks the Cincinnati Star, as compared with the Roman aristocrats? Vanderbilt may be able to give his check for \$50,000,000, but when Cyrus returned from the conquest of Asia he was rated at \$50,000,000. Mrs. Astor may give an entertainment at the expense of \$25,000, and Mrs. Mackey may give dinner parties that cost \$50,000, but a festival given by Ptolemy Philadelphus cost \$2,229,000. Alexander's daily meal, frugal as it was, cost \$1,700; and money was of so little account to Claudius that he once swallowed a pearl that was worth \$40,000. James Gordon Bennett has been known to give many thousands of dollars to people for whom he had acquired a fancy, but according to Tacitus, more than \$97,000,000 was given away in a similar manner by Nero. Queens of fashion in New York and San Francisco have appeared at balls wearing jewels estimated to have cost \$200,000, which pales into insignificance when compared with the alleged fact that Lolla Taulina wore jewels valued at \$1,662,500, and that when she wore these it was only on the occasion of a plain citizen's supper. Over \$50,000 was spent in providing a funeral for an eccentric New Yorker who left directions how the money should be spent, but the obsequies of Hephæstion cost \$1,500,000. Americans have died and left millions to their sons, who have squandered it in a score of years; but Antony 'got away with' \$375,000,000, and Tiberius left the sum of \$118,000,000, which Caligula squandered to the last penny in less than one year. The late lamented Sothorn is said to have spent \$100,000 in a year in good living, but it is said that Peggulus, the singer, spent money at the rate of \$40,000 a week. And then there was a Darius and Heliogabalus and Lucullus and Lentulus—and well, this will do for today.

Useful Rules.

To Find the Capitalized Value of a Ground Rent.—Rule.—To the amount of the yearly rent in dollars annex two ciphers and divide by the rate per cent. the result will be the capitalized value.

To Calculate Interest at any rate per cent. for any length of time. Rule:

1st.—Reduce the time to days.

2nd.—Multiply the principal by the number of days.

3rd.—Multiply this product by the rate of interest.

4th.—Divide the product thus obtained by 36, or 365 and the quotient will be the interest.

Note.—If cents appear in the principal, point off five figures from the right of the quotient; if only dollars, point off but three figures.

Short Six per cent. Method.—

Rule.—Reduce the time to days; multiply the principal by the number of days, and divide the product by 6.

Note.—Point off as in the above.

There are, it appears, in the United States no less than fifteen distinct Methodist denominations, of which the Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal South Churches are by far the largest. Of the fifteen churches, eight are Episcopal and seven Presbyterian and Independent. The total of communicants is 2,521,600, which is estimated to represent a Methodist population of 14,086,400, or more than twice the Roman Catholic population.

Back parlor anatomy: In Oshkosh lived a fair maiden who had read with some alarm of the death of an Indian woman from tight lacing, the immediate cause being an affection of the epigastrium. When her lover called that evening, and the light had been turned down as usual, she said to him frankly:

'Now, I want you to be careful, Eugene; you're worse than a corset.'

Eugene faltered out: 'Oh, Mary, why this coldness?'

'It isn't coldness at all,' she replied; 'but you hug so tight you knock my epigastrium all out of kilter.'

The weight of an ordinary Railway locomotive, without tender, for passenger trains is from 50,000 to 70,000 pounds; for freight trains from 70,000 to 80,000 pounds.

The Czar in Dread.

The ruler of all the Russians leads anything but a pleasant life as the following would indicate:

LONDON, April 28.—A letter from St. Petersburg gives a gloomy account of the new Czar's life at the Castle of Gatchina, thirty miles from the capital. Before the Court removed thither several hundred artisans of the Probrajinsky regiment were sent to make the necessary alterations. At midnight they assembled in the church at Gatchina and were sworn secretly to silence, death or Siberia being the penalty of the infraction of their oath. Ten rubles were the price of each man's silence. The alterations were made in forty-eight hours.

Vodki soon loosened the tongues of the workmen, and the following is a description of the precautions against assassination made in the palace of the Czar: A subterranean passage leads from the Czar's room to the stables, where a number of horses are kept saddled and bridled day and night. Sentinels are posted at intervals of twenty yards all around the building.

A WELL GUARDED ROOM.

The imperial bedroom has two windows, protected at night by massive iron shutters, which can only be reached from the outside by passing through three spacious ante-chambers, in which are posted eighty Cossacks, armed to the teeth. They are allowed to speak and to move about in the two outer rooms, but in the hall adjoining the Czar's bedroom perfect silence is maintained all night. The general on duty for the day sits in an easy chair, his Cossacks sitting on the divan which runs around the whole room.

ALARM SIGNALS.

At the general's right hand is the knob of an electric apparatus which rings a bell in every guard house within the palace grounds. When the Emperor is about to retire to rest, before shutting the door, he removes the outer handle, so that no entrance can be effected until he himself personally opens the door from the inside. Unlike his father he cannot endure the presence of an armed soldier in his bedchamber.

Not That Kind of a Gun.

In a corner grocery in the western part of the city, the other day, a boy was buying shot and getting ready to go hunting. His old gun was lying around rather loose, and the grocer nervously remarked:

'Boy, I wish you'd take care of that gun—I'm afraid of an accident.'

The boy stood it up against a barrel, and went on telling how many rabbits he meant to pepper, and pretty soon it came near falling to the floor.

'I tell you that infernal thing will hurt some of us yet!' exclaimed the grocer as he jumped aside, and the boy leaned it against the counter, and said he'd never take a back seat for a bear—never. As he reached over to look at some back-shot, down tumbled the gun and off went the charge, sending about forty duckshot into a ten-gallon oil can in range.

'There she goes—there she goes!' yelled the grocer as he danced around. Didn't I tell you that infernal gun would go off?'

'And did I deny it?' promptly retorted the boy. 'Do you s'pose that I'm fool 'nuff, to go out to hunt rabbits with a gun that won't shoot?'

The other day we copied from the Examiner an item that Col. Wharton G. Green had an application for eight thousand gallons of wine made at his celebrated Tokay Vineyard, and now we understand that the Monticello Wine Company of Charlottesville, Va., has received an order for ten thousand gallons, nine thousand gallons of claret and one thousand gallons made from the Ives grape. It looks indeed as if our Southern wines were finding a market. The truth is, France no longer exports wine in the quantities she formerly did, and the wine drinkers are looking elsewhere for a good article. This Col. Green and our other North Carolina wine makers can furnish.

It is with youth as with plant; from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in the future.